

THE RIGHT WAY.

Or the Gospel Applied to Intercourse Between Individuals and Nations.

BY REV. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.

V. Prominent among the evils of war is the LOSS OF LIFE which it occasions.

The destruction of human life is its avowed object. It is with reference to this that weapons are invented and forged, and the most deadly forces of nature and art studied out and applied. Human ingenuity is tasked to its utmost to produce means which shall slay the greatest number of men with the most mathematical precision. The secrets of the earth are eagerly explored in the search for fatal agencies; and the murder of mankind upon a gigantic scale is made a science, whose study engages the attention of the profoundest intellects. Institutions whose sole object is the inculcating and perfecting of the art of killing men rapidly, gracefully, and scientifically, are supported at the public expense. Every military and naval academy might adopt, as expressing the whole scope of its instructions, the title of one of Dr. Quincy's essays, "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts." To this diabolical work every soldier is trained, and for this he is supported. This is the one great object of all his drills and reviews; and for this he is reduced to an "infernal machine," and divested of almost every thing human, excepting his vices, his power of motion, and his capacity for obeying orders. For this he is armed and led into battle, and the extent to which he there fulfills this murderous destiny so strongly inculcated upon him, is, to the warrior's view, the measure of his manhood. In expectation of this, hospitals are erected, and surgeons provided, and estimates calculated, like the following, which is quoted by Neckar, the French financier, from a state paper:

Forty thousand men to be embarked for the colonies.....	40,000
To be deducted one-third for the first year's mortality.....	13,333
Remainder.....	26,667

The very idea of war unattended by great loss of life is an anomaly. The two are inseparably connected as fire and burning, or poison and death, and none ever think of separating them.

As this is an evil which lies upon the surface, and is often the subject of statistical information, it is more generally recognized than any other. Yet how few reflect upon the true nature of this wholesale slaughter, or upon the dignity of its victims. Behold a dying man. For years he has walked the earth, one of the noblest of God's creatures. His exquisite organization—his intelligence—his comparative moral elevation—his immortal soul—all attest his towering dignity in the scale of being. Now he lies prostrate and helpless upon his couch. The darkened chamber—the attenuated form—the moans and gasps for breath—the numberless acts of tearful sympathy—proclaim the nearness of death. A struggle, and all is over. We bewail the mysterious providence, and think what a terrible curse is sin, that it should so rudely mar and destroy God's glorious creatures. Still more frightful does Death appear when the grim monster comes suddenly and unannounced, and, by what men call an accident, seizes his trophy from the walks of active life, and pales the cheek which but a moment since bloomed with the hue of abounding health! Clothed with yet darker horrors is the "last enemy" when he comes in the guise of the assassin's knife, and his victim is the prey of cold-blooded murder! With what indignation we try to ferret out the perpetrator of the crime, and bring him to justice and execution. And how, for years afterwards, we shudder at the bare remembrance of the deed!

Death, under all these circumstances, comes not with a tittle of the terrors which attend him upon the battle-field. There he is arrayed in his blackest garb, and invested with his most fearful and unalleviated horrors. He frowns on the expiring soldier with his most dreadful aspect. Every circumstance there conspires to aggravate the terrors of the dying hour, and accumulate around it all that can enhance its sting, while there is nothing to mitigate its utter dreariness. The soldier dies, not at home, and surrounded by sympathizing hearts, but amid un pitying strangers whose every other instinct is absorbed in that of self-preservation; not by slow disease, upon a couch, with fond hands ministering to him, and all the appliances of medical skill about him, but butchered with bloody wounds, which none will bind up, and lying upon the hard cold ground; not, in most cases, summoned from the discharge of duties to God and man, and with the satisfaction of one who ends a well-spent life in the hope of a blessed immortality, but more often cut down in the commission of the grossest crime against God and his fellows, his arm brandishing the murderous

weapon, which is perhaps already stained and dripping with human gore; not in the enjoyment of holy influences and means of grace, the man of God kneeling at his bedside, and his departing spirit commending it to his Maker, but amid horrid blasphemies and imprecations; more than all, it is generally with no near prospect of heaven to rob death of its sting, for the Christian hope flies affrighted from the battle-field, and conducts few—alas, how few!—from the crimes of war to the bosom of the Prince of peace.

What Others Say.

Chicago Christian Advocate.

SECTARIAN SCHOOL SUPPORTED BY TAXES.—The government contracts with the several Churches to allow them to conduct schools among the Indians. It is expressly stipulated that the government shall designate the course of study, and apply the same tests to the persons of teachers as are applied in all other government schools. Congregationalists, Methodists, Protestant Episcopalians, Friends, Mennonites, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Unitarians all consent to the terms, but the Romanists object. The last-named Church is unwilling to allow its course of study or its tests for teachers to be influenced by the government. Therefore, Congress should refuse to allow the Romanists to conduct any of the government schools. Appropriations for schools conducted by unsupervised Romanists are simply gifts to sectarian schools. The government gives about a half-million dollars for contract schools, and of this sum Romanists receive about seventy per cent.; read that again please. All the rest of the Churches above named receive only thirty per cent. of the half-million. We demur.

Philadelphia Presbyterian.

CHANGE AND MONOTONY.—While some will never submit to any monotony, but live in a continual rush of changes, thereby destroying the power for good of any change, others are so concentrated in their thoughts and feelings that they find it impossible to direct them into an unaccustomed channel when the proper time comes. They have by constant habit become so wedded to monotony that they have lost the power to appreciate the natural and legitimate delights of change. Wherever they go they carry their burdens and cares with them. In the midst of all Nature's charms they have neither eye for her beauties nor ear for her harmonies; they are living over and over again their business details, regretting past mistakes, making new plans—living, in fact, the same monotonous life that they did all the preceding months. Their vacation is merely a hyphen—nothing itself, and only used to connect what has been with what will be.

Correspondent Michigan Advocate.

AN ODOUROUS ORDER.—Mr. Petrucille, an Italian writer, states what cannot be controverted: that "the dogma of infallibility cannot be based on facts." In his historical research, he says: "There have been two hundred and ninety-one, including the present pope, who have been known as popes. Of this number thirty-one were usurpers, or anti-popes. Of the legitimate, seventy-nine have met with violent deaths, ten by poison, four by assassination, thirteen by other violent means. Stephen VI was strangled. Thirteen others came to an untimely death." Petrucille says that Pius IV. died of excess, in the arms of a woman. Thirty-five of the popes were heretics; thirteen denied the divinity of Christ; some of them were guilty of murder; one was a woman who reigned two years.

Central Methodist.

Methodists will look with much interest on the discussion of the Presbyterians with reference to the revision of their Confession. Nearly every thing that the early Methodist attacked in the Calvinistic creed, the advocates of revision propose to cast out. Some of the "fathers" who were called heretics by the Presbyterians survive, and must wear a genial smile, even "in age and feebleness extreme," at what they see and hear.—*New York Advocate*. That is well said. The time has passed when a Presbyterian preacher will preach the doctrine of the Confession, on the subject of election, since the people have outgrown that fossil idea. We hail this new departure with delight.

WHAT SHE EXPECTED.—"Mother, I think the spinal vertebrae of the frigid season have received a severe fracture," remarked the High-school girl to her mother.

"Yes," remarked the old lady; I expected your father would hurt that dog when he threw the poker at it.

The possibility of infection from disease-germs escaping from hospital windows is attracting some attention, and a special inquiry is recommended. Hospital ventilation might be so arranged that the foul air would be drawn through a furnace before mingling with the outer atmosphere.

Selections from the Christian Neighbor

Guard but do not Kill Impulse.

In the body the long disuse of a limb is followed by the inability to use, all life is gone and it hangs on to the frame a thing without value or beauty. Judgment and memory are of the mind, if not properly exercised are not they weakened so as to be of little practical value? And is not the same thing true in even a greater degree of the affections of the heart? If emotions of benevolence, friendship, love are habitually repressed and all activity denied them will they not in the course of a few years at most become so dwarfed and "hindered" as to be wholly ineffective in making us approachable by those who might become friends, in making our friends to love us, and those who are nearest to know us as we would like to be known. Will not these emotions eventually die for lack of breathing room? Between the puritanism of more than a hundred years ago and the "gush" of the untutored girl of to-day there must be a mean, as indeed there is between any two points removed in a single degree from each other. There is a wide remove between that puritanism and its opposite, a range affording every phase of feeling or mode of expression. If the warm hand clasp which might be given is withheld, if the caress for the little child remains untold upon the fingers, if the smile which would brighten somebody's day is hidden within the lips—what then? The impulse not gratified dies a lingering death, and at last is lost the power of loving. Life stands stripped of its illusions and charms, naked, hard, unpleasing, for the impulse to be genial, cheery, loving, the spontaneous joyousness of the heart, long denied expression, are gone forever, and almost the very reason of living is taken away. While guiding and controlling impulse do not kill it.

Fifty Years at \$155.28 1-2 a Year

From an exchange is clipped the following:

At the close of his fiftieth year in the ministry, Rev. S. Black, of the Western Virginia Conference, asked for a superannuated relation, but was so overcome by emotion he could not talk. He sent to the Secretary's desk the following paper, which was read in the hearing of the Conference and the large audience present: "During these fifty years I traveled at least 70,000 miles; received \$6,181.28, being \$137.36 per year. During the same time I received in presents \$1,182.61, and \$400.36 in marriage fees, making a total of \$7,764.24, being \$155.28 1-2 per year, having a family thirty-six years of that time."

The difference—the great difference between the salaries of preachers is something hard to be understood in the light of fairness—that which is "just and equal." Did the colleagues or presiding elders of Sam Black receive pay only in proportion to the salary of this old "circuit rider?" How many of our present-day \$1,000 or \$1,200 or \$1,500 or \$2,000 or 2,500 preachers or church officials would run a parallel with Sam Jones for even five years? Of course circumstances require a difference, but why so great a difference?

Dr. B. S. Lucas, Sr., died at his home in Kershaw County, S. C., October 19, 1890, and was buried October 21, his eighty-sixth birthday. An obituary will be published later.

Dr. Mendal, a noted nerve specialist of Berlin, in pursuit of the origin of a certain form of nervous disease, has hunted down a form of inebriety, not before recognized. He terms it "coffee inebriety," and says it is rapidly increasing in this country, especially among working women. He has found large numbers of them who consume more than a pound each every week. The effect is manifested in frequent headache; insomnia, great depression of spirits, trembling of the extremities, irregular action of the heart with all the accompanying distress. The symptoms constantly grow worse and are relieved by increasing quantities of coffee; sometimes the tincture is used. Dyspepsia in aggravated form is usually present, as well as blotches and pimples on the skin. A bruise or slight injury proves the starting point of inflammation, erysipelas in character. Melancholy and fear of death accompany this form of inebriety in all cases.

Nothing is false than that view of prayer which makes it to consist in a sort of vague general aspiration, "the upward glancing of an eye the falling of a tear." Prayer is a definite beseechment. It gains in value just in proportion as it looks to particular ends. The process of framing it into words is a healthy one. Unexpressed in forms of speech, there is danger that it will dissipate and waste itself, like a stream in the desert.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

Christianity, wherever it has gone, and nowhere so more than in India, has promoted the dignity of woman, the sanctity of marriage and the brotherhood of man. Where it has not actually converted, it has checked and controlled; where it has not renewed, it has refined; and where it has not sanctified, it has softened and subdued.

Trying to abolish or diminish the evils of the liquor traffic by making the whiskey seller pay high license is like muzzling mad dogs' tail to prevent hydrophobia. The bite is on the other end. The only sure remedy is to kill the dog.

GRAPES IN MISSOURI.

WHAT THE GREAT VINEYARDS AT HERMANN ARE DOING.

The Last of this Season's Crop as seen Gathered—Nearly the Entire Product of Gasconade County Turned into Wine—Cisterns Holding Thousands of Gallons.

The glory of Hermann, Mo., is its grapes, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The town and surrounding country gives thousands of acres to vineyards. Both soil and climate seem peculiarly well adapted for the successful growth of the vine, the quantity and quality of some varieties surpassing the results of their native states. The bulk of the entire great crop is absorbed by one wine company. The company's own vineyards cover thirty-five acres, but the product is only a fraction of the quantity used. Nearly every farmer within a radius of twenty miles has a vineyard more or less extensive, and disposes of the yield to the wine company. The advantage of this over sending the grapes to market is in having the fruit taken immediately on presentation, and receiving for it as soon as weighed at the wholesale market price. The consequence is that out very few grapes are now sent from Hermann for outside sale.

Last year the wine company used 623,000 pounds of grapes, and will take more this if they can be got. The ruling kinds raised are the Catawba, Delaware, Elvira, Getho, Herbermont, Martha, Perkins, Riesling, Ruander, Taylor, Uhlund, Concord, Ives, Clinton, Virginia Seedling, Cynthiana and Cunningham. Those giving white wines are the earliest, the red varieties succeeding.



THE VINEYARD.

"We need," said a member of the wine company, "150,000 pounds of Virginia Seedling grapes at the least for that kind of wine this year to avoid a shortage. It will be two weeks, though, before it can be told just how many there will be. Our plan is this: In the spring we invite all the grape growers in the country to send an estimate of the quantity they can let us have at prevailing wholesale prices. From this we get a fair idea of what we can depend on. When the crop is gathered, if it runs below what we need, then we have to buy outside the state."

The company's vineyards have an eastern exposure, considered the very best in granting shelter from the rigorous northwest winds. In the section set apart for the Virginia Seedlings the figures of men, women and children could be seen busily engaged. They were gathering the crop. The bunches are cut from the branches either with a knife or scissors, thrown in baskets that when full are emptied into small casks, that are in turn carried to the mill, where the contents are ground and pressed. All the children of Hermann so disposed are welcome to take a hand in the harvesting. They are paid 50 cents a day, and allowed to eat all the grapes they wish. They work in couples, one on each side of a row, and the rapidity with which they acquire by practice is astonishing to the inexperienced. Not a false move is made. Snip, snip, go the scissors in the right hand, the left catching the bunch as it falls and dropping it carefully in the basket. The vines were nearly denuded of leaves, and the grapes hung so thickly that in many places they looked a few yards away like wide bands of solid black. The Virginia Seedling is a small grape about the size of the Delaware, and is so dark in color as to be apparently black. The flavor is rich and well defined. The wine is marked by a delicious bouquet not found in any other of native make, and, possessing an excess of tannin and iron, is in high favor for medicinal uses.



PRESSING THE PULP.

The sooner the grapes are ground after being gathered the better the wine. The result of a day's cutting among the outside farmers is brought in the same evening if the distance is not too great; the next morning, at all events. They begin arriving at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and continue as late as 8 o'clock in the evening. In the morning the office is opened at 5:30 o'clock, and in the height of the season it is not unusual to find from twenty to thirty wagons waiting in a string at that hour to have their loads weighed. The grapes are brought in small cases furnished by the company. Each farmer receives a ticket for the pounds of grapes brought, that is cashed at the office.

As fast as weighed the grapes are turned into a mammoth hopper driven by machinery and crushed, the mashed fruit and juice falling into a large vat. The juice is run off to the fermentation cellar, where it remains four days, being changed daily from one cistern to another to permit removal of sediment. The pulp left in the first vat is put in a big press and squeezed perfectly dry, so that the last drop of juice is removed.

The white wines are yellow when first made, but grow light, while the red wines acquire a dark tinge with age. After the early fermentation the juice is run to another cellar where it is put in casks. It is then allowed to stand two years, when it is drawn into the cisterns and from them into various smaller vessels for shipment. The so-called cisterns are gigantic casks holding about 5,000 gallons each. In the company's lower cellar are twelve of them of about 18 feet diameter. The front head of each has a carved and painted

figure of an apostle, the whole family of the twelve disciples being thus represented. Each cistern has a numbered card hung from the top, the number signifying the age and kind of contents. There are three large cisterns filled just at this time to the full capacity with wine, in barrels, casks and cisterns. There is also a small private cellar in which a quantity of the bottled wine of every year's vintage since the company started in 1847 is



IN ONE OF THE CELLARS.

treasured. Once in a great while, on some special occasion, a bottle of the old make will be opened. Each year has a shelf with the time placarded on the front. The old bottles are thickly wrapped in cobwebs and the corks capped with mold. There have been but few distinguished visitors to St. Louis who have not taken time to go to Hermann and who have not been the guests of this little cellar.

"There is no market demand for the oldest wine," it was explained, "but it is valuable to us to show the changes taking place from year to year in the different kinds. When an American wine gets over ten years old it begins to lose the bouquet and is not as pleasant to the taste. There is also a change of color—the beautiful red turning brown."

"How many pounds of grapes does it take to make a gallon of wine?"

"Of the Virginia Seedling, from ten to fourteen pounds; but of other varieties less, as the fruit is larger and more juicy."

"Do insects trouble the vines much?"

"Indeed. We have to contend against all the enemies of the vine in earth and air, and it is only by constant vigilance that we keep the upper hand. The worst enemy we have is a minute insect called the 'phylloxera,' that attacks the roots and later destroys the leaves."

Bran and Potatoes.

One hundred pounds of potatoes worth 40 cents contain one pound protein and 16.6 pounds of carbohydrates. One hundred pounds of wheat bran worth 60 cents contain 12.6 pounds of protein and 47 pounds of carbohydrates and fat.

It is quite evident, says Professor Henry in *Hoard's Dairyman*, that the bran is far cheaper than the potatoes for feeding purposes at the prices named, and if a farmer can get 25 cents per bushel for the potatoes he can afford to haul them some distance to exchange for bran at such prices. The potatoes would require cooking if fed to cows. Professor Henry believes, however, that if one should feed potatoes to stock he will get rather better results than would be indicated by chemical analysis. Animals require variety in their food in order to make the best gain; and the farmer who feeds nothing but hay and bran, or cornstalks and bran all winter long, will find that for a time his cows will show remarkable results from any new kind of palatable food they may receive.

The actual feeding value of an apple or pickle may be very small, but when one's system craves either it is probable that at that time it is worth much beyond what the chemist would assert. For this reason potatoes may have a higher value than that given to them, but if one is to feed a large quantity, he may consider the figures given as about correct.

A Stitch in Time.

The good old proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine," applies to the farm and the farmer even more than to affairs in general because everything under the farmer's care is in continual process of change. Many a farm is run down, and many a farmer worn old without securing competence, because of the neglected very little things—the want of mere stitch or touch placed in time. A field lies in risk of being washed by heavy rain; or a fence-rail somewhere makes opportunity for breachy cattle to devastate a crop; or the crop carried through to harvest, is then injured or lost for want of timely or safe storage. Implements rust or rot or get broken because of not being housed in place, when their term of use ends. Buildings and their contents decay from want of shingle, a board or a hinge that placed in time would prevent large loss. Animals, who cannot tell their wants or needs, often suffer bitterly. Yet the owner may be an estimable man, an excellent citizen, and a hard worker. He may be a good father, too; if sensible of a fault in himself that habit has inveterated—he accustoms his children to the daily practice of the maxims "A place for everything and everything in its place," "A time for everything in time," "Faithfulness to the animals whose care we have undertaken."—*Rural New Yorker*.

FROM THE GRAINFIELDS.

Sown shrunken wheat is an attempt to cheat nature with light coin.

He who well drains, manures and prepares the ground, can grow profitable crops of wheat on almost every soil.

It is a general rule, with not more than the usual exceptions, that the finer the seed-bed the larger the yield of wheat.

Wheat can be safely grown on lands that would be ruined by washing and gullying were cultivated crops kept on them.

It pays richly to save wheat straw carefully, though it is used only as an absorbent. Western farmers may smile, but it is true.

The man who whitewashed his granaries with boiling hot wash, putting it in all the cracks, did not fear the miller's examination of his wheat.

Treat your grain crops with an eye to the value of the straw as well as of the grain, and in the spring it will not be said of your cattle, as it was said of Ephraim, that they "fed upon wind."

Feed may be sown in the fall and clover on it in the spring. There can be cut for the straw (which frequently sells for the same price per ton as the best hay) as soon as the blossom falls, and there will be a good growth of clover for pasture. In this way poor land may be made to yield a respectable income while being improved.—*American Agriculturist*.

God Knows.

God knows—ah, yes! what countless things Are hidden from this human sight, That we can only leave with Him Till dawns the glorious Morning Light. Unnumbered graves on lonely hills, Like that on lonely Nebo's mount, Forgotten or unknown by man, And only God Himself keeps count.

God knows—ah, yes! the mysteries That weary many an aching heart By Him are seen and understood. Who reads each secret, hidden part. He knows just why that good must go, We cannot know. We only "trust," Remembering that God knows the way.

God knows—ah, yes! what comfort 'tis, To know the eye that never sleeps, Sees all that is—and every life, In ever watchful memory keeps. He knows the hopes yet unfulfilled, He knows the plans—the loss, the gain: He reads each thought of every soul, He feels it all—the joy, the pain.

God knows—ah, yes! He knows the heart, He looks beyond that seen by man, And reads the motive pure and true That lived before mistakes began. He sees the aim and not the deed, And "wrong" in man's sight oft may claim From God's just judgment the "Well done, For thou hast labored in My Name."

God knows—ah, yes! oh Father knows The last one of His children's needs. He knows the want of every heart Far better than the heart that pleads. He knows all things, and this we know, "He doeth all things for the best," Then gladly we can leave all there Safe in Our Father's care to rest.

GRAINS.

Self-denial, not self-gratification, brings soul satisfaction.

It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou wouldst not; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou wouldst do.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the lookout. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead and alive Christian does not get the respect of the world.

There is more real religion in paying one hundred cents on the dollar, than in some of the most eloquent prayers that were ever delivered.

One of the most essential preparations for eternity is delight in praising God—a higher acquirement, I do think, than even delight and devotedness in prayer.

A writer on moral philosophy has said, "All religious work springs from one or more of four causes: Love to God; Love of humanity; Love of creed, or Love of self."

Tongue cannot describe the love of Christ; infinite minds cannot conceive of it; and those who know most of it can only say with inspiration that it "passeth knowledge."

Faith shines most brightly in believing things that seem incredible—hope shines in expecting things that seem improbable—patience, in bearing crosses that appear intolerable.

God only imparts the highest wisdom, the most profound secrets, and most mysterious laws of his kingdom to minds most open to spiritual influence and most susceptible to divine thought.

Intercession is the very safety valve of love. When we feel that we really can do nothing at all in return for some remarkable kindness and affection, how exceedingly glad we are that we may and can pray.

"A large part of the drill of life consists in overcoming hostile dispositions. Each time we have conquered some resentment or prejudice we have made a distinct gain in the way to a well-regulated behavior."

Regard not much who is for thee, or who against thee; but give all thy thought and care to this, that God be with thee in everything thou doest; for whom God will help, no malice of man shall be able to hurt.

A life spent in brushing clothes, and washing crockery, and sweeping floors a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the laborer's hut—may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.

Jars and divisions, wranglings and prejudices eat out the growth if not the life of religion. There are those waters of Marah that embitter our spirits and quench the Spirit of God. Unity and peace are said to be like the dew of Heaven and as a dew that descended upon Zion when the Lord promised His blessing—life for evermore. When men are divided they seldom speak the truth in love.

Are our consciences against us? Let us fly from those things of which our consciences are afraid to the mercy of God. Is the past against us? Let us fly from it now to the yet innocent present which He still allows us; to the happy and holy future which He may yet enable us to attain; to the glorious eternity whereof the golden gates are as yet unbarred, and are flung as widely open to the penitents as to the saints.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

Here is a very clever pun from Rowland Hill:—When at college Hill had a conversation with some of his companions on the powers of the letter H, when it was contended that it was no letter, but a mere aspirate. Rowland took the opposite side, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a letter and concluded by observing that if it was not so it was a very serious thing for him, as it would occasion his being ill all the days of his life.

Not a question of Results.—J. T. Tucker labors twenty years in Tinnevely, and in that time baptizes two thousand. Bruce labors twenty years in Persia, and can scarcely show any tangible results at all. But when the Lord comes, his greeting will be, not "Well done, good and successful servant," but, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—Eugene Stock.